THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER VI.

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S PLUCK.

ANOTHER glance from the window showed Frances that the car had come to a stop near a new bridge over a branch of the Irtish. Involuntarily she sighed for the man who had built that bridge—Denton, whose eye was keen and steady, whose muscles were of iron.

But Denton was miles farther on, at the Obi.

"Now," said Neslerov, as the girl sank back in her seat, "let us face this situation, my dear. Let us realize the true significance. We are practically alone, you and I. Save for the poor wretches in that village yonder, we are the only people on this earth just now. Can you realize the fullness of that statement? You are mine—absolutely and wholly mine."

"Oh, you cur! You coward!" exclaimed Frances. Her hand went as if by instinct toward that pocket from which she had drawn her revolver on a previous occasion. Neslerov saw her face turn whiter still, and he laughed pleasantly.

"Of course I guarded against that," he said. "I knew you would, with your American impulsiveness, try to shoot me again. So, while you slept, I quietly took your little toy pistol from your pocket. I have it here. This, I believe, deprives you of the power to do any more mischief."

"Oh, you miserable coward! You thief!" said Frances in a tense voice. "I wish there was a good American fist here to strike that grinning face of yours!"

"Undoubtedly," said Neslerov, with an exasperating coolness, "that would be pleasant for you, but it would be unfortunate for the American who owned the fist. One blow—peste! He would be torn apart by my agreeable savages yonder."

She could not resist the temptation to follow his finger as it pointed through the window on his side of the car. A short distance, on the banks of the stream, she saw a wretched, miserable village of rude huts. Men and women, dressed in leather, undressed skins, heavy cloths from Moscow merchants, stood in groups, all with their faces toward the car.

"Were I to say the word," said Neslerov, "these people would tear you limb from limb and would perform the same agreeable service for any fool who attempted to interfere between us."

"Monster!" she gasped.

"Of course I am a monster to you," he said. "All Russians are monsters to those who do not like us. We may have our little peculiarities. One of them is that what we cannot get by fair means we get some other way. I spoke to your father, and I spoke to you. I offered the honest love of a Russian prince. I was spurned. But now the game is mine, and I shall win. You shall become my wife before your father has time to return from the Obi."

"Never! I would prefer to be torn apart by your villagers!"

"You believe that now while you are in the heat of anger, but a short period of rest and contemplation will show you the folly of your refusal. Think of this. I shall go out now and obtain some food. We may remain here a week. Who knows? Before I leave you I wish to say that until you consent to have the priest of that village make you my wife you shall not be permitted to leave this car. I much prefer, as would any man, a willing bride; but, denied this, I will compel you to obey. It will be the worse for you. I offered love—an affectionate embrace. You refused. Now I command! Think this matter settled only when we are married."

"Never! You have my revolver and, I suppose, one of your own. Shoot me if you will. I will not marry you!"

"It will not be you I shoot. What do you think your father will do when he finds you are left behind?"

"Without doubt he will obtain a special train and come here after me. Then, Prince Neslerov, beware!"

He smiled like a wolf and showed his teeth.

"That is what I wanted you to say. If when your father comes here you are not my wife, I will shoot him dead."

"You dare not!" she gasped.

"I dare anything. No report of mine would be discredited at St. Petersburg. I could prove that your father was a conspirator against the government and was shot while fighting my soldiers."

"There is a government of the United States of America!"

"True, but at a distance. I do not fear it. But consider what I have said. I will return with food."

He left the car, securing the doors to prevent her escape. When she saw him striding toward the village, she leaned against the window and studied the rude people.

"I am helpless—absolutely helpless!" she moaned. "Oh, if he had not taken my revolver I could have shot him—or myself."

She looked about her for some method whereby she could, if the need should come, take her own life rather than submit to his demands. She knew that if there were a priest in this squalid place he would obey Neslerov, and mumble some words perfectly meaningless to her, but which would give Neslerov power over her. She walked the length of the apartment like a caged lioness.

Women turned into their huts and came out again. She saw Neslerov start back toward the car carrying a wooden tray. She shuddered again.

"God give me strength, courage, calmness!" she murmured. "To lose consciousness would be to fall a victim to him."

She nerved herself to meet him as his footsteps sounded on the platform. The door opened, and he entered with a bowl of gruel, some steaming potatoes, roast fowl, coffee and some coarse bread.

"It is not quite like our usual fare," he said, "but it is better than being hungry."

He set the dishes on a table he improvised out of the back of a seat. He had a large traveling bag with him, and from it he took a bottle of wine.

"We will pledge each other," he said, with a laugh.

"I do not wish any," said Frances.

"Come, don't be churlish! Let us get over the unpleasant part. Drink a toast to your future husband."

"I will not. I will not touch it!"

"Drink—drink my health!" he commanded.

"I will not!"

"I will make you!"

He held the cup in his right hand. With his left he grasped her by the hair. He bent back her head.

"Open your mouth. Swallow the wine. I will choke you!" he cried.

With a powerful effort she wrenched herself free and to her feet, and the wine went to the floor with a smash.

Her eyes were glaring with desperation. She clinched her fist and rained blow upon blow upon his face.

Curses deep and terrible burst from him. He clutched her round the waist and struggled with her. She exerted all her strength. She was like a ferocious tigress. Her nails scratched his face and tore his hair. Her blows cut his lips on his teeth. But he was a powerful man and used his strength against this captive woman. With a gasp she succumbed and sank helpless and exhausted almost in his arms.

"Curse you!" he spluttered between his swollen lips. "I have wasted my kindness on you! I should have starved you. But I will delay no longer. I'll drag you to the priest, and in ten minutes you will be the Princess Neslerov—and my slave for life. I'll break your heart, you devil!"

He closed his arms tightly about her and dragged her from the car. The villagers stared in astonishment as they saw him coming toward them with his burden.

"What means this strange happening, little father?" asked a woman of an older man of the village. "Is the man killing her?"

"Let be!" growled the man. "Use your eyes in your house, but meddle not with others. The man's gold is good. He will not hurt her. She is probably his wife."

Russian wives are accustomed to cruelty from their husbands. A beating is but part of their demonstrations of authority as head of the house. The women looked on with apathy, while the men smiled.

"He has married a Tartar," they said among themselves.

"Help! Save me from this man!" gasped Frances as Neslerov half dragged, half carried her into the nearest group.

"Where is your priest?" Neslerov demanded. "Get him at once. Not only he, but all in the place, will receive pay. Call the priest at once!"

"Save me! I am an American! Gordon—the man who built—the road—is my father!" cried Frances, struggling again.

A bent old man was seen shambling toward them.

"Come," said Neslerov roughly. "This young woman and I are to be married. Hurry. We have been left behind in that car, and to save her good name she must become my wife. Proceed!"

"No! For pity's sake, do not!" cried Frances. "My father will pay you well! Do not compel me to marry him—I hate him!"

"I command you to marry us!" shouted Neslerov.

A tall man of about middle age stepped from the crowd.

"It is wrong," he said. "Who you are I know not, but it is not the way to win a wife. Release the young woman. Let us hear what she has to say."

"What she has to say! Curse you!" howled Neslerov. He did release her for a moment and sprang forward. His fist shot out against the man's face. Without an effort in his own behalf he fell.

"I am Neslerov, governor of Tomsk!" shouted the prince, now perfectly frenzied. "I command you, old dotard, to say the words that will make this girl my wife."

"Please do not!" cried Frances. "He has stolen me from my father! He is a cruel monster! I cannot marry him!"

"He is his excellency, the governor," muttered the old man. "We must obey."

Neslerov seized her by the wrist and swung her toward the priest. The villagers crowded round, awestruck at the great name they had heard. They well knew the governor. Many of them had felt the knout at his command.

"It must be done," again muttered the priest.

"No, no!" cried Frances, trying to wrench away from Neslerov.

A boy slid quietly away from the crowd and ran.

"Stand there, curse you!" said Neslerov, grasping Frances by the hair. The pain of his rude hand on her lovely hair made Frances cry out in terror, pain and shame. "I'll kill you if you move again!"

There was the sound of a quick and stealthy tread. There was a swish in the air. There was a gasp, a murmur from the crowd, which fell back in consternation.

A heavy Russian riding whip swung through the air in an arc and, descending, cut the skin across the face of Neslerov.

"Curse you!" said a hearty American voice. "I'll have your life for this!"

"Jack! Oh, Jack!" cried Frances, and then, the last vestige of her strength deserting her, she fell unconscious into Jack Denton's outstretched arms.

CHAPTER VII.

A DUEL.

NESLEROV recoiled, and the writhing of his face in pain and fury, together with the long red cut made by the whip, gave him the expression of a demon.

"You! You!" he gasped.

"Yes, I!" said Denton. "Fortunately, I arrived in time to foil this dastardly attempt of yours to take advantage of a defenseless girl. I have been riding along the railway from stream to stream examining the bridges. I reached this place on my horse a moment ago. A boy saw me coming and hurried to tell me what was going on. I had no idea I should find a friend in need of help. But, thank God, I was in time."

"You will never leave this place alive!" said Neslerov.

He plucked a revolver from his pocket and aimed at Denton.

A woman standing near held out her hands and caught the form of Frances and bore it into her house. Denton, with flashing eyes, leaped forward and closed with Neslerov.

"It is a battle to the death between giants!" cried a man in the crowd.

The pistol fell from the grasp of Neslerov, and the whip before wielded by Denton dropped to the ground.

The iron fingers of Denton would close on the throat of Neslerov, and it seemed as though the struggle would end that moment, but Neslerov would wrench himself free and leap at his enemy with a curse and growl.

"It is you or I! One of us must die!" cried Neslerov.

A swinging, crashing blow from the American's right hand sent the governor to the ground, where he lay as if stunned.

"Take care of him, somebody," said Denton in Russian. "I don't want to kill him."

He turned without a look at the fallen man and started toward the hut into which Frances had been carried.

"Look out!" cried a woman.

At the cry, which was echoed in the crowd, Denton turned suddenly. The dastardly Neslerov had feigned. He had risen to his feet and was creeping upon his enemy with a dagger drawn.

"Oh, you are an assassin, eh?" said Denton as he drew his revolver. "Let me see if we can't settle you once for all."

While it might be that not one of the villagers sympathized with Neslerov, yet his act was not a crime to them. With their world understanding of women having no rights, no freedom, no liberties save what their lords and masters gave them, the men of this place looked upon the eagerness of Neslerov to be married to so beautiful a girl as natural.

One of them, realizing that the governor's safety was necessary to their own, sprang upon Denton and drove a knife through the fleshy part of his arm.

The pistol fell to the earth near that of Neslerov and two villagers picked them up and hid them.

Like a flash Neslerov was upon his unarmed foe, and his knife was raised to strike, but Denton, with a quicker

And now began a duel.

movement, drew a knife from his belt. He had ridden too often over the tundra to go unprepared for enemies, human and otherwise.

And now began a duel the like of which the banks of the Irtish or its branches will probably never see again.

Steel flashed on steel.

The blood from the wound in Denton's arm was flung over the face and clothing of Neslerov, while that from the bruises on the governor's face grew thick and dark, making him truly hideous.

With a grasp as of iron Denton seized the hand of Neslerov that held the dagger, but with a wrench the governor got it away and cut to the bone half the length of Denton's finger.

But the American scarcely felt the wound. He was not fighting now for life, nor for vengeance. He was fighting for that girl who lay in the hut. He knew that if Neslerov killed him and was not killed himself, her life would be made such a hell in the power of this monster of brutality that death would be preferable.

A year ago she had told him she did not and never could love him. It had been a quarrel. She didn't want to get married, and he asked her if his rough exterior, the result of years of hard work in rude and dangerous places, was disagreeable to her. He said there were fine gentlemen at Paris, New York, London and St. Petersburg. She had answered that she knew it. She preferred their company to boors. They parted then and had not met till now.

Denton and Neslerov kept fighting on, the villagers too much aghast to step between or utter a word.

Neslerov felt his right arm getting weaker. Denton's knife had slashed through the sleeve of his coat and found the bone near the elbow. An artery must have been cut, for the blood was thrown from the end of the sleeve. Made desperate, he gathered all his strength for a final effort and sprang bodily upon his foe.

Denton, seeing an opportunity and knowing that nothing but a deathblow seemed likely to end the fight, met the plunge and drove his knife into Neslerov's side.

With another curse, a spluttering of blood and a groan the governor of Tomsk sank to the ground at the foot of his adversary unconscious.

"Take care of him, you fellows; no need to let him die," said Denton, examining the wound. "His lung is not touched. Nothing fatal here, I am glad to say. Here, you!"

The old priest came mumbling toward him.

"You know more about surgery than the rest. Get some water, bathe these wounds, take a few stitches in the long cuts and bandage him up."

"Yes, little father," said the priest, trembling. "But what of you?"

"I can take care of myself."

He strode to the bank of the stream, over which he had but a few months before built a bridge, and bathed his wounds. Then he went into the hut to see Frances, as if nothing had happened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Unexpected Success.

There are times when an honest confession of ignorance results to one's advantage. An examination of history was going on in a high school. The second row of the scholars looked supremely contented. They knew what was coming next and were confident of making brilliant recitations. The professor gravely put the question:

"What became of the Greeks who were slain at Thermopylæ?"

The first boy hesitated and then hazarded, "Burnt 'em."

"Next," was the icy answer.

"Buried 'em," came from the second promptly. "Oh, what an easy one!"

"Next."

"Don't know," drawled the third boy hopelessly.

"Right. Nobody does."

The successful one looked surprised; then he crowed a little. The other two looked sheepish.—London Tit-Bits.

Divers' Madness.

An Australian pearl diver says that one of the strange effects of diving is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom of the sea. As this usually passes away as soon as the surface is reached, it is probably due to the pressure of the air affecting the lungs and through them the brain. The exhilaration and good temper of the mountain climber are contrary feelings from an opposite cause. A diver becomes so angry at some imaginary wrongdoing on the part of those in the boat above that he gives the signal to be pulled up, "with the intention of knocking the heads off the entire crew," only to forget what he came up for when the surface is reached.

The fall working of the public highways is a mistake.

August flies make the cows shrink in their milk, no matter how good the pastures may be.

Timothy will do well sown the fore part of September, but do not sow the clover until spring.

When the young rooster begins to crow, he wants the frying pan, or, rather, the frying pan wants him.

Cows, clover and corn will, if properly combined, put any farmer in the western prairie sections on his feet financially.

The census shows that the state of Iowa produces just a million dollars a day in farm products for every day in the year.

There are lots of farmers who overwork themselves for thirty-five years so as to be able to spend their savings and last days at some sanitarium in a vain effort to recover lost health.

We have found the purple top Swede turnip sown about the 1st of August to give the best turnip for table use which we can produce. Turnips make their best growth during the moist, cool fall days.

It will always be hard to make some farmers understand that they do not have a right to kill the game and catch the fish in the streams on their farms just when they want to regardless of state laws defining closed and open seasons.

We have a letter from a good friend of the farmers' mutual insurance companies who favors the payment of all losses up to two-thirds of the value of the property destroyed and insured regardless of the manner in which the fire loss occurred save in case of incendiarism.

For every acre of crops destroyed on the bottom and slough lands of the central west and northwest this year by the excessive rainfall there will be five acres of splendid crops produced on all those areas where the normal rainfall is too scant to insure large crops in an ordinary year.

We have known some balky horses beyond the reach of moral suasion, kind treatment and prayer. Nothing would start an old buckskin we once owned but a split plug of tobacco wrapped around his bit. This would make him so sick at the stomach that he forgot all his meanness in a very short time.

Of course it may not be possible because of the press of other work to do, but there is no work on the farm which pays better than getting the stubble and weeds well plowed under during the month of August. It has almost all the advantages of a summer fallow, cleans the land and makes of the rubbish covered up a valuable plant food for the next season.

As with all other unrefined and undesirable things in this world there are an aggressiveness and intolerance about weeds which put one to his wits' end to know how to manage them. Now, why should a burdock grow thrifty and lusty and a tomato plant not four feet from it under same conditions, without culture, only grow to be a poor, little, spindly, unproductive thing?

Maybe some of our readers will be doing the same thing we did last year—get to hunting all over the garden for some dead and putrid thing which we could smell only too well, but could not find, to find later on the cause of the trouble to be a stinkhorn mushroom growing near a post and almost out of sight. If you smell this smell, look for a mushroom and not a dead cat.

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of toughest steel becomes dulled by constant use and must have a new edge if it is to do good work. Constant work dulls a man as it does an ax, makes him sluggish of body and dull of mind. He needs a tonic, something that will restore the keenness of mind and activity of body.

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Taking Out the Sting.

One day at a rehearsal W. S. Gilbert observed a girl crying and asked her the cause of it.

Between her sobs the girl declared she had been insulted by one of the costumers, who had said to her, "You are no better than you ought to be."

Gilbert immediately looked very sympathetic and said, "Well, you are not, are you, my dear?"

To which she replied promptly, "Why, of course not, Mr. Gilbert."

"Ah, that's all right," he said, and she went away perfectly comforted.

What Puzzled Him.

Sir Joshua Fitch told a story of the nature study exhibition in London illustrating the popular wonder at scientific knowledge. Sir John Avebury was showing the heavens through his telescope to some neighbors and servants when one exclaimed, "I do not wonder, Sir John, that clever people find out the sizes and distances of the stars and how they move, but what beats me is how you ever could tell their names!"

Friendly.

Myer—Slyker is a friendly sort of chap, isn't he?

Gyer—Yes; he's most too friendly.

Myer—How's that?

Gyer—He no sooner quits shaking your hand than he tries to pull your leg.

A Tug at It.

She—You must not kiss me until we are formally engaged.

He—Do you mean to say that you always insist upon that rule?

She—I've always tried to.—Detroit News Tribune.

Constipation

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia.

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TRANSPLANTED TREES.

Why They Frequently Remain Dormant a Whole Season.

Certain kinds of trees frequently remain dormant all summer, following spring transplanting. To all appearances they are dead, and they are an eyesore to the owner till removed.

The writer of this has seen mistarias, horse chestnuts, azaleas and tulip trees remain perfectly dormant all summer and come out safely into leaf the following spring. It seems contrary to nature that trees should live without the leaves, which we learn are their lungs and essential for evaporation and assimilation of food in the growing season.

Explanation of this peculiar action is had by studying for a moment the conditions that probably exist. The roots of such trees have been disturbed and their feeding powers suddenly checked. They are called upon to support the tops as formerly, yet their opportunity for the time being is gone. A struggle is going on. The tops make a feeble effort to put forth buds and draw on the roots for nourishment with poor success. The roots yield of their stored food, but are too weak or are not in a position to make new feeding fibers. If the tops have not been pruned, the drain is so much the greater. Where leaves put forth, transpiration would be more than the trees could stand, and they would gradually die away.—Meehan's Monthly.

Hard to Get.

A certain young fellow received a government berth, for which he had to undergo a very strict examination.

One day a friend of his who had been noticing how little work he did to earn his salary tackled him.

"I say, Walter, my boy," he began, "you don't perform a great deal of labor, do you?"

"No, I don't have to."

"Aren't you expected to work?"

"Of course not," was the candid reply. "It takes so much hard work to get a job like this that the authorities haven't the nerve to ask a man to do anything more to earn his salary after he gets it."

An Enterprising Burglar.

A professional burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor became suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

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TIME TABLE.

Corrected to May 1, 1901.

NEW YORK.

	AM			
Barclay St. Lv	9 15	.....	10 03	
Christopher St. "	9 00	.....	10 15	
Hoboken. "	9 00	.....	10 15	
Scranton. Ar	12 27	.....	1 52	
	PM	AM	PM	
Buffalo. Lve	11 30	4 45		
Scranton. Ar	5 40	10 00		
	AM	AM	PM	
Susquehanna	8 40	10 05	1 55	
Bellevue	8 50	10 15		
Taylorville	8 53	10 18	2 04	
Lackawanna	9 01	10 27	2 14	
Duryea	9 03	10 30	2 14	
Pittston	9 06	10 33	2 21	
Susquehanna Ave	9 10	10 37	2 1	
West Pittston	9 12	10 39	2 2	
Wyoming	9 17	10 40	2 2	
Forty Fort				
Bennett	7 24	10 49	2 51	
Kingston, ar.	7 30	10 54	2 40	
Wilkes-Barre Ar	7 40	11 10	2 50	
Wilkes-Barre Lve	7 28	10 50	2 30	
Kingston	7 30	10 54	2 40	
Plymouth Junc				
Plymouth	7 38	11 03	2 49	
Avondale	7 45		2 54	
Nanticoke	7 55	11 11	2 58	
Hunlock's	7 59	11 17	3 06	
Shickshinny	8 06	11 29	3 20	
Hick's Ferry	8 12	11 45	3 30	
Beach Haven	8 18	11 48	3 37	
Berwick	8 25	11 54	3 44	
Briar Creek	f 8 28	.....	f 3 56	
Willow Grove	f 8 31		f 3 54	
Lime Ridge	8 39	12 09	4 08	
Espy	8 44	12 22	4 12	
Bloomsburg	8 49	12 25	4 17	
Rupert		12 32	4 23	
Catawissa		12 37	4 27	
Danville		12 47	4 55	
Chulasky			4 42	
Cameron		12 57	4 48	
NORTHUMBERLAND Ar.	9 35 AM	1 10 PM	5 00 PM	

GOING EAST.

	PM			
NEW YORK	2 55	PM		
Barclay St. Ar	3 00	5 00	.....	.....
Christopher St.	3 15	4 45	.....	
Hoboken	10 05	4 48	.....	
Scranton	AM	12 55	.....	.....
		PM	AM	AM
Buffalo. Ar		8 00	12 45	7 00
Scranton. Lv		1 55	4 48	11 59
	M	PM	PM	PM
Scranton	42	12 55	4 50	8 45
Bellevue	9 47	.....	4 45	.....
Taylorville	9 52	.....	4 40	8 35
Lackawanna	9 56	.....	4 32	8 27
Duryea	9 23	.....	4 29	8 25
Pittston	9 19	12 17	4 24	8 21
Susquehanna	9 16	12 14	4 20	8 18
West Pit.	9 15	.....	4 17	8 16
Wyom	9 09	12 08	4 12	8 12
Forty F	9 04	.....	4 07	.....
Bennett	9 01	.....	4 03	8 01
Kingston	8 58	11 59	4 00	8 02
Wilkes-Barre Lv	8 50	11 50	3 50	7 50
Wilkes-Barre Ar	9 08	12 10	4 10	8 10
Kingston	8 58	11 59	4 00	8 02
Plymouth Junction	8 54	.....	3 52	.....
Plymouth	8 47	11 51	3 47	7 55
Avondale	8 42	.....	3 42	.....
Nanticoke	8 38	11 45	3 38	7 46
Hunlock's	8 32	.....	3 31	f7 41
Shickshinny	8 22	11 29	3 20	7 31
Hick's Ferry	8 12	.....	3 09	f7 21
Beach Haven	8 02	.....	3 03	7 12
Berwick	7 55	11 05	f2 58	7 05
Briar Creek	7 49	.....	f2 53	f6 58
Willow Grove	f 7 44		f2 50	.....
Lime Ridge	7 39		2 46	f6 50
Espy	7 32	10 48	2 40	6 44
Bloomsburg	7 24	10 46	2 34	6 38
Rupert	7 17	10 37	2 29	6 32
Catawissa	7 12	10 34	2 24	6 27
Danville	6 58	10 19	2 11	6 12
Chulasky		.....		
Cameron	6 47		f2 01	f6 00
NORTHUMBERL'D Lv	6 25 AM	10 00 A. M.	11 50 PM	*5 00 PM

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamanend, Tamaqua, Williamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. At Northumberland with P and E. Div. P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren Corry, and Erie.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. f Stop on signal.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect May, 25, 1902.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Scranton (D&H) lv	§	9 38	‖1 42	‖4 27	.....
Pittston " "	7 05	‖10 00	‖2 10	‖4 52	.....
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Wilkesbarre lv	§ 7 25	‖10 35	‖2 45	‖6 00	.....
Plym'th Ferry "	‖7 32	‖10 42	‖2 52	‖6 07	.....
Nanticoke "	7 42	10 50	3 01	6 17	.....
Mocanaqua "	8 01	11 07	3 20	6 37	.....
Wapwallopen "	8 10	11 16	3 31	6 47	.....
Nescopeck ar	8 18	11 26	3 42	7 00	.....
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	
Pottsville lv	§ 9 00	.....	‖11 55		.....
Hazleton "	7	.....	12 52	‖2 45	.....
Tomhicken "	7	.....	1 11	3 05	.....
Fern Glen "	7	.....	1 18	3 15	.....
Rock Glen "	7 35	.....		3 22	.....
Nescopeck ar	8 00	.....	1 45		.....
Catawissa			.....	4 00	.....
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Nescopeck lv	§ 8 18	‖11 26	3 42	‖7 00	
Creasy	§ 8 30	‖11 36	3 52	7 09	.....
Espy Ferry	‖8 42	11 46	4 02	7 20	.....
E. Bloomsburg "	8 47	11 50	4 06	7 25	.....
Catawissa lv	8 55	11.57	4 13	7 32	.....
South Danville "	9 14	12 15	4 31	7 51	.....
Sunbury ar	9 35	12 40	4 55	8 15	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Sunbury lv	§ 9 42	‖12 48	§ 5 30	§ 9 46	
Lewisburg ar	10 13	1 45	5 40		
Milton "	10 08	1 39	5 35	10 07	.....
Williamsport "	11 00	1 41	6 30	10 55	.....
Lock Haven "	‖11 00	2 20	7 11		.....
Renovo "	A. M.	3 00	8 30		.....
Kane "		8 25			.....
	P. M.	P. M.			
Lock Haven lv	‖12 10	§ 3 45	.....	.....	
Bellefonte "	1 05	‖4 44	.....	.....	
Tyrone "	2 20	6 00	.....	.....	
Philipsburg "	1 35	8 02	.....	.....	
Clearfield "	5 25	8 45	.....	.....	
Pittsburg "	6 55	‖10 45	.....	.....	
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Sunbury lv	§ 9 50	§ 1 50	§ 5 20	‖8 31	.....
Harrisburg ar	‖11 30	§ 3 15	§ 6 50	‖9 10	.....
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	
Philadelphia ar	§ 3 17	§ 6 25	‖10 20	§ 4 25	.....
Baltimore "	§ 3 11	§ 6 00	§ 9 45	§ 2 30	.....
Washington "	§ 4 10	§ 7 15	‖10 55	§ 4 05	.....
	A. M.	P. M.			
Sunbury lv	§10 00	§ 2 15	.....	.....	.....
Lewistown Jc. ar	11 45	4 05	.....	.....	.....
Pittsburg "	§ 6 35	‖10 45	.....	.....	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Harrisburg lv	‖11 45	§ 5 00	§ 7 15	‖10 25	.....
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	
Pittsburg ar	§ 6 50	§ 1 50	§ 1 50	§ 5 50	.....
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	
Pittsburg lv	7 10	9 00	§ 3 00	8 00	.....
	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	
Harrisburg ar	§ 2 00	§ 4 20	§ 9 50	§ 3 10	.....
		A. M.		A. M.	
Pittsburg lv	.....	.....	.....	§ 8 00	.....
				P. M.	
Lewistown Jc. "	.....	7 30	.....	§ 3 00	.....
Sunbury ar	.....	9 20	.....	§ 4 50	.....
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	
Washington lv	10 40	.....	§ 7 50	10 56	.....
Baltimore "	11 00	§ 4 40	§ 8 40	11 45	.....
Philadelphia "	11 20	§ 4 22	§ 8 20	11 40	.....
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Harrisburg lv	§ 3 55	§ 7 55	‖11 40	§ 3 20	.....
Sunbury ar	§ 5 00	§ 9 30	§ 1 05	§ 4 05	.....
	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	
Pittsburg lv	‖12 45	.....	§ 3 00	§ 8 00	.....
Clearfield "	§ 3 50	.....	.....	§ 9 28	.....
Philipsburg "	§ 4 40	.....	.....	10 12	.....
Tyrone "	§ 7 00	.....	§ 8 00	12 25	.....
Bellefonte "	§ 8 10	.....	§ 8 32	§ 1 05	.....
Lock Haven ar	§ 9 15	.....	10 30	§ 2 10	.....
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Erie lv	§ 5 50	.....	.....	.....	.....
Kane "	§ 8 45	.....	§ 6 00	.....	.....